

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1886.

No. 4.

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For the last fifteen years, that is to say, since the siege of Paris in 1870, the consumption of horse flesh has steadily increased in the gay capital. What was then the food of necessity has now become one of the standard dishes of the table.

They have at last invented something new, albeit very gruesome, in the way of a circus performance in Europe. It appears that the latest freak of female circus riders there is to hold a living python outstretched in their hands as they swing around the sawdust. Front seats are not at a premium.

The dogs are having a hard time of it. If they should rise in their might, all get mad and attack their present enemy, man, the chances would be in their favor at first. A well-known dog fancier in New York sent to a paper the following statistics concerning the number of canines in and near the metropolis: New York city, 300,000; Brooklyn, 150,000; Long Island City and Blissville, 10,000; Westchester county, 50,000; Hoboken and suburbs, 15,000; Jersey City and suburbs, 15,000; Newark and suburbs, 150,000; Staten Island, 20,000.

Aged and able old horses are the result of human care and usage. This is exemplified from an English source as follows:

"A gentleman had three horses, which severally died in his possession at the ages of 35, 37 and 39 years. The oldest was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but was carried off by a spasmodic colic to which he was subject. A horse in use at a riding-school in Woolwich lived to be 40 years old, and a barge horse of an English navigation company is declared to have been in his 62d year when he died."

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has been compiling some interesting figures concerning the number of prisoners in the country now serving terms for embezzlement or forgery. These statistics reveal the somewhat surprising fact that New York prisons contain only seven. Ohio, on the other hand, has sixty-two; Kansas, forty-four; Indiana, thirty; Massachusetts, twenty-six, and New Jersey, eighteen. The natural pride that a New Yorker should take in such a condition of affairs is rudely shocked by the *Troy Times*, which says that New York "financiers" are not punished; they go to Canada.

The average man knows, perhaps, a score of insects familiarly by name; he has more or less knowledge, perhaps, of a hundred, and he sees in these a wonderful variety of forms and colors. But the resources of nature are vastly greater than any one realizes who has not made a special study of some branch of natural history. Think of Dr. Riley's collection of North American insects, which is said to contain 20,000 species, represented by more than 115,000 pinned specimens, and others preserved in alcohol or by other methods. He has given this collection to the National museum, where all who care to do so may study the fruits of his labor.

A traveler in New Mexico gives a glowing description of the country through which a new road passes, and tells of the Seven Cities of the Chico valley what almost reads like the romantic explorations of the members of the Smithsonian Institute. He says that there are to-day in that valley ruins of large buildings five stories high, and some of them in such an excellent state of preservation that the masonry and plastering are looking as new and fresh as though done but a few years instead of centuries ago. These buildings are popularly supposed to be of Aztec origin, but, strange to say, there is at present no historical account of them or of their builders.

As to the silver wedding and golden wedding most of us know about those anniversaries; but here now is something new in the same pleasant line—a bit about a crown-diamond wedding. The crown-diamond anniversary is the sixtieth, and such an anniversary was observed a short time ago at Maebuell, in the Island of Alsen. Having completed their sixtieth year of wedlock, Claus Jacobsen and his venerable spouse were solemnly blessed by the parson of their parish, and went for the fifth time in their long wedded life through the form of mutual troth-plighting before the altar at which they had for the first time been united before the battle of Waterloo was fought. The united age of the couple is 178 years.

Some interesting facts concerning the relative vitality of males and females are shown in the forty-sixth annual report of the English registrar-general. In each 1,000 living persons there are 487 males and 513 females; but for every 100 females 103.5 males were born. At every age of life the death rate was lower in the females, and the difference is greater in early years. In both sexes a diminished death rate is taking place. This is more marked in females than in males, at all ages. The improvement is especially noticeable in women up to forty-five, and in men to thirty-five. The mean expectation of life of a male at birth is 41.35, and of a female 44.62 years. The annual expectation of illness is, counted by days, nearly the same in both sexes.

"Cranmer, of Colorado," as he is popularly called, is probably the most extensive cattle-raiser in the world. His cattle are all branded with three circles, the three-circle brand he calls it. Once he was at a cattle convention, and while conversing with a party of friends one of them happened to mention the name of Shakespeare. "Shakespeare?" observed Cranmer, "where have I heard that name before? What kind of a brand does he use on his cattle?"

The question of insanity and its greater or less prevalence to-day as compared with former times, appears to be far from settlement. The fact that cases which were considered hopeless fifty years ago are now often cured means that persons who would have died under the treatment then without the knowledge ever becoming general that their complaints were of the brain rather than the body are now added to the table of statistics as lunatics. The great increase in the number and perfection of asylums also swells the number of the recorded insane and aids in complicating any attempt to judge whether the brain troubles are really, as it is often asserted, on the increase among civilized nations.

Speaking of how ocean steamship companies are annually defrauded, an officer of one of them says in an interview: "Every person who has ever crossed the Atlantic has noticed several elegantly attired gentlemen who at times would wander haughtily among the steerage passengers, condescend to converse with the intermediate people, and on fine days invariably promenade the hurricane deck. No one knew who they were; no one had ever seen them eat anything, and the passengers, one and all, discussed the mystery of 'where those fellers hung it out every night!' Well, these same gentlemen obtain all this freedom and luxury by simply buying a steerage ticket and boarding during the voyage in either the carpenter's or boatswain's room."

The telephone has become an indispensable means of communication between the civilized countries of the old and new world, and to show the use each country is making of the invention the following table is given:

Germany.....	13,000
England, over.....	12,000
France, about.....	10,000
Italy.....	7,000
Sweden.....	11,000
Switzerland.....	5,000
Spain, estimated.....	1,100
Holland.....	4,000
Belgium.....	5,000
Russia.....	3,000
Austro-Hungary.....	4,500

By way of comparison it may be of interest to add that the number of telephones now in use in the United States is estimated at 250,000.

The Iowa courts have made an important decision regarding the civil rights of colored people. A negro who was refused admission to a place of amusement because of his color appealed to the law, when the circuit court held that it did not appear from the averments that plaintiff had any legal right to enter the place of amusement. The supreme court affirms this ruling and says: "The act complained of by the plaintiff was the withdrawal by the defendants, as to him, of the offer which they had made to admit him, or to contract with him for admission. They had the right to do this, as to him or any other member of the public. This right is not based upon the fact that it belongs to a particular race, but arises from the consideration that neither he nor any other person could demand as a right under the law that the privilege of entering the place be accorded to him."

Reaching Great Depths.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the cup is dug out and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar which extends below the ball touches the earth, the sling unhooked and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.—*Independent*.

Agreeably Settled.

Together in the gloaming they stood, the loving pair, A charming Boston school ma'am and a youth of sheepish air. He whispered, "Dearest maiden, I love you as my life." And ask you, as I've asked before, will you become my wife?" "Dear John," the maiden answered, I love you, it is true, But ere I answer, there's a question I would put to you: Are you willing I should rule the house when I become your wife? If not, then, John, apart must lie my path and yours in life. For, being a disciple of the Lucy Blackwell school, I'm firmly of opinion that the woman ought to rule."

John laughed and said: "Just as you will; I know you won't be cross; So long as you become my wife I care not who's the boss."

"Tis well," the maiden whispered, "I know we'll not quarrel, Though I insist on wearing the bifurcated apparel."

—*Boston Courier*.

DISTANCE.

On softening days, when a storm was near, At the farmhouse door I have stood in the gray, And caught in the distance, faint but clear, The sound of a train, passing, far away.

The warning bell when the start was made, The engine's puffing of smoke upseen, With the heavy rumble as wheels obeyed— Across the miles between.

And so sometimes, on a moonless night, When the stars shine soft and the wind is low,

To my listening soul, in the pallid light,

Come the trembling voices of long ago

The timeless echoes when hope was young.

The tender song of love serene,

And the throbbing rhythm of passion's tongue—

Across the years between.

—*Margaret W. Hamilton*.

MY DAY.

How long is that of most people, I wonder? Some perhaps can number the full six hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and eight hours of the allotted threescore and ten, while others outlast the pre-Adamic day of the geologist, and cover all eternity. But mine was just the ordinary daylight one, the shortest in the year, too, for it was the 21st of December.

And even short as it was, I had already wasted some hours of it. Had I thought it would have set so soon I might have been up at its dawning, though usually I hold, with Lever, that the sun looks best

—as every one else does—when he's up and dressed for the day, and that its a piece of impudent curiosity to peep at him when he's raising and at his toilet; he has not rubbed the clouds out of his eyes, or you dared not look at him. But when one's sun shines such a little while as mine, might not one be pardoned for rushing to the levee at an unfashionable hour.

Yet it was noon before I was out in the bright glow, trudging down the lane with yesterday's fall of snow crisping under my feet, and last night's sleet clashing overhead, as the wind caught at the straggling, overgrown hedge-row boughs and sent them ringing together with such an icy jeweled flash and splendor of green and gold and red and blue as summer with all her wealth of leaves and blossoms, could not rival. The very splendor promised the glittering mockery but a short life; the sun is a traitor with his kisses, and the warmth of them would soon wither away the snow wreaths, making their delicate mimicry of the white May and the hawthorn in the hedge. But meantime they were very fair, and the snow lay light and white under the great peach orchards that had their icy sparkle too, as they swept away, with gentle undulations, right and left of the still lane. And the blue sky had the merest snowflake of a cloud drifting along, and the sun was shining full upon me, and somehow a glint of it had got into my heart, though there was nothing in particular to bring it there. Yet I did not intend to mope. Aunt Margaret and the girls were friendly and kind, and the least I could do would be to put aside the shadow of my craze, and show them a contented face. And so—

Perhaps something more than content flashed into it just then, when that thought of mine was broken short off by a clatter of those hedge-row boughs, and some one sprang down through the gap, bringing with him a little clatter of falling icicles into the road before me. For, as we shook hands, there was a pleased look in his eyes, and he said, with some abruptness:

"You are a little glad to see me? You won't mind my finishing your walk with you?"

I tried to answer carelessly, though it was not so easy, under that gaze of his. "Oh, if you are of a zoological turn this morning, I am going in search of foxtail and crowfoot. I marked a quite splendid bed down by the brook in the woods in a sheltered spot where I dare say this light snow has not covered it. The girls tell me they are not in the habit of putting evergreens about the house, but I always did it at home, and—"

He understood me at once. He said, with his rare gentleness: "And you are trying hard to keep some of the old feeling about you. You must forgive me if I cannot help seeing something of your brave struggle, and yearning to help you in it."

Yearning! It was a strong word, but his eyes made it stronger, as I could not help glancing up to see. And before, in my confusion, I could drop mine again, somehow my muss was on the snow at our feet, and both my hands were in his.

"Miss Deane—Annie—I can help you—with my whole life, Annie!"

And, after that, is it any wonder if the sun shone straight into my heart?

I don't think our researches would have added much to the cause of either zoology or botany that day. On the latter especially my lover would have made strange confusion, insisting that we were passing under quite a number of mistletoe boughs, if my superior knowledge of the science had not set him right. We did find the crowfoot, however, and, as I had expected, not too deep in the snow. But when he had torn up a long spray of it and flung it trailing over my shoulder. I stayed his hand. Madge and I could come another day for some—there was plenty of time—but to-day's in gathering I meant to keep all to myself.

At least for this one day, I told him, when we had reached the house, and paused together in the porch. For this one day we would not call in any one, however friendly, to see what it had brought me; but to-night, when he was gone, then I would tell Aunt Margaret that I was to be his wife. I said the word in a little flutter as we stood together, for already he had been asking me how long I meant to keep his own from him. As I said it, I glanced up shyly at him, and it would have disconcerted me to see how his face changed, paler at that word, if his hand had not closed on mine with a tightening grasp which made me ashamed of a dawning doubt that he wanted her.

"Annie?"

The voice, full of a strange pain, started me. Could this day have any pain in it?

"Tis well," the maiden whispered, "I know we'll not quarrel, Though I insist on wearing the bifurcated apparel."

—*Boston Courier*.

said: "I have a story to tell you, Annie, a story that may take some of the brightness out of this hour for you, as it has taken all the brightness out of the last seven years of my life until now. Shall I tell it you now? Or can you trust me that it is nothing which ought to part us? and would you rather wait to hear it until to-morrow?"

I could trust him; ay, rather, I could not distrust him; and I told him so. Let us live this day out without a 'shadow' afterward, if shadows must come, he should lead me safely through them.

"There is no danger in the shadow, Annie; there is only something for us both to forget."

"Let us forget it now, then. See, there is Aunt Margaret at the window signing to me; she is afraid I shall let her neighbor so offend against her good old-fashioned hospitality as to go away to his bachelor's hall, when it is three o'clock and our dinner hour."

The shortest day of all the year. We were watching its setting from the library window, we two left alone, for Madge and Fanny had driven into the village for the mail, and Aunt Margaret was summoned to one of those kitchen-cabinets which grew more and more frequent under old Lethe's administration. So we two were standing together in the bay-window, watching the crimson glow fade off from the wide snow stretch of lawn that sloped down to the lane, dotted here and there with a black-green pyramid of fir, between the naked oaks, when presently I caught sight of something moving across their shadows

fingertips until one could be stung into giving them a blow or a shake, one must kiss and be friends afterward. And then I turned to him—I must have had a vision of how it would all end: for she was wonderfully fair; she had been his first love; she would be his last. I turned to him.

"What a bore!"

"Oh, she'll not be shown in here, unless you feel disposed to go to Aunt Margaret's assistance."

Here I saw the side door of the library opening from the lawn. The visitor must have observed us at the window; some one on sufficiently unceremonious terms.

It was a stranger.

She had closed the door behind her, and had come forward into the full glow of the wood fire blazing on the hearth. A stranger, certainly; if I had ever seen her before, I should never have forgotten her.

She was standing on the hearth, and drew her slender gloved hands out of the folds of her cashmere shawl, holding them to the warmth, before she turned to us the fairest face I have ever seen—the fairest face one ever dreamed. Only that would have been a strange, Fouque-like dream in which such a vision should come.

It could not have been after knowledge on my part, for before she spoke, while she still fronted us with that gay smile upon her perfect lips, I thought of Undine in her soulless loveliness, light-hearted, glad, careless of others' pain because she could not feel it. There is the Undine nature in a child too, for whom there exists no pain that does not bruise its own tender flesh, and that soft hardness made itself felt in every line and curve about this woman, as she stood there, white and golden, looking at us out of those great brilliant eyes, of which I have read somewhere:

"Alive in their depths, as the Kraken beneath the sea blue"—

eyes which I would fain have followed, for they fixed themselves on Brian. Only I could not, that face so held me.

"They told me at your house that you were here; and so I came," she said, still looking at Brian.

I turned and looked at him too, then: the clear, soft, shallow, child voice broke the spell.

But he never saw me. His eyes were riveted on her—just as a man might look who sees a ghost.

And then she smiled. She had been beautiful before, but now her beauty was bewildering. She stretched out her hands to him.

"Have you never a word of welcome, Brian, for your wife?"

He drew a long, hard breath, and passed his hand heavily over his eyes. He never once glanced my way, though I felt he saw me all the while. He answered her very slowly:

"How is it you are not dead, Louise? For nearly seven years you have allowed me to believe you were."

She laughed a mocking little laugh. Though she did not turn toward me, I knew she had flashed a glance at me.

"Have you been a disconsolate widower all that time, my poor Brian? It was very wicked of me, of course. But then, you see, I always hated poverty: and you were so very impudent at that time, I really thought it better to die off your hands."

Here she turned suddenly to me with a sweet graciousness of manner, while her eyes, alive with mocking spirits, looked me through and through.

"My husband is a little remiss at introductions, so I find I must make myself known to you, as I see you are one of my friends. Every one has a skeleton in his closet, you know, and I present you to Brian's."

She made a playful courtesy as she spoke.

"Only he fancied it was laid away underground," she added. "Perhaps he has told you of our runaway match when he was at college, and how angry poor mamma was, and hushed the matter

A GREAT ARMY OF SEALS.

MILLIONS OF THEM FOUND ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

Habits of the Seals—Mothers Teaching Their Young With Tender Solitude—Ferocious Males.

In the Greenland seas the seals spend the two or three summer months, and as early winter sets in with September they begin their Southern migrations, keeping ahead of the ice as it forms, and moving toward the coast of Labrador, finding in its fjords and bays as they move. Small detachments lead the way, like pioneers, and behind them moves the great army in one continuous mass. It occupies days in passing certain points, and appears to fill the seas as far as the eye can reach, impressing the beholder with an idea of the vast number of seals on whose ranks the hunters have for more than eighty years been making systematic onslaughts, without apparent reduction of the supply. Onward the great army marches, driven from behind by the fast forming ice, past the straits of Belle Isle, past Newfoundland, to the Grand Banks, their Southern headquarters, just as the Greenland seas are their summer homes. Here they feast upon swarms of fish till the beginning of February, when they begin their retreat northward to the very ice they have just escaped, and there, upon the great ice argosies descending upon the Arctic currents, they bring forth their young in February.

A Newfoundland law forbids sailing vessels to depart for the seal hunt before the 1st of March, and the steamers are not allowed until the 10th of that month.

The vessels arrive when the baby seals, or "white coats," are three or four weeks old, still dependent upon their mother for subsistence, and unable to escape from the hunters. Their bodies are covered with a very thick layer of fat, and they are far preferable, for this reason, to the older seals. When the baby is six weeks old it drops its yellowish white coat, and becomes a "tagged coat," and at this stage they begin to "dip," or take to the water. It is very amusing to watch a mother seal trying to teach a young one to swim properly. Just as the eagle stirs up her young and encourages them to use their wings, so the mother seals tumble the babies into the water and give them swimming lessons.

The old seal pushes the little one along toward the edge of the ice, the baby all the while whimpering and sobbing and vainly trying to resist the steady pressure from behind. When at last it falls into the water it sobs so pitifully that even the mother is ashamed of herself and helps her dear offspring back upon the ice. Every few hours this is repeated, and soon the young can swim and dive, and then the vast nursery disappears. When they are in danger from rafting ice or fragments of floes dashed about by the wind and likely to crush them, the self-sacrificing affection of the mothers leads them to brave all dangers, and they are seen helping their young to places of safety in the unbroken ice, sometimes clasping them in their fore flappers and swimming with them, or pushing them forward with their noses.

The maternal instinct appears to be peculiarly strong in the female seal, and the tenderness with which the mothers watch their offspring is most touching. When the young seals are cradled on the ice the mothers remain in the neighborhood, going off each morning to fish, and returning at intervals to give them suck. It is an extraordinary fact that old seals manage to keep holes in the ice open and prevent them freezing over. On returning from a fishing excursion extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each mother seal manages to find the hole by which she took her departure, and to discover her own snow-white cub, which she proceeds to fondle and suckle. This is certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of animal instinct. The young "whitecoats" are scattered in myriads over the ice field. During the absence of the mother the ice field has shifted in position, perhaps many miles, being borne on the current. Yet each mother seal is able to pick out her own cub from the immense herd with unerring accuracy. It is quite touching to witness their signs of distress and grief when they return to find only a pool of blood and a skinless carcass instead of their whimpering little ones.

In the seas around Newfoundland and Labrador there are four species of seals—the bay seal, the harp, the hood, and the square flipper. The first and the last are comparatively rare, and when taken are of little commercial importance. The harp seal—the seal of commerce—is so called from having a broad, curved line of connected dark spots proceeding from each shoulder, and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not till their second year.

The hood seal is much larger and more ferocious than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates his hood so as to cover his face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is thus protected, unless he is shot in the side of the head and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck or the base of the skull. The hoods bring forth their young two or three weeks later than the harps, and are generally found further from the shore on the ice fields, and also, further to the north. The two species are never found together, unless mingled by some convulsion of the ice. The male and female hood are generally found together, and it is a rule among hunters to kill the male first; and if they fall in this, and kill the female, the "dog" becomes furious, inflates his hood, while his nostrils dilate into two huge bladders. His appearance is now terrific, and, with uncouth floundering leaps, he rushes on his foe with tremendous fury. Instances have occurred where a fight between an old dog-hood and five or six men has lasted an hour, and sometimes a hunter is fearfully torn and even killed in the encounter; this, of course, only happening when the space is limited in which to fight this monster. They have been known to seize the hand-spikes with which the hunters were beating them and wrench them from their strong grasp with a giant strength.

Useful in Many Ways.

Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it, use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and teapot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Preserved fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the jar, is laid directly over the fruit. Paper is much better to put under carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.

Acre of Sunflowers.

Very many of the spring chickens sold in this city are raised on sunflower seed. At many points in New Jersey there are chicken farms where chickens are raised by the thousand. Many receive their first start in life from the incubator, and when large enough are put on a diet of sunflower seeds, which are full of oil and are very fattening. The sunflower gives little trouble to the farmer, as it is a hardy plant and grows without cultivation. Some farmers plant three or four acres of sunflowers, and such fields have a surprisingly gaudy appearance. The perfume is sickening, but when turned into spring chicken the sunflower becomes a pleasant table ornament.—*New York Sun*.

"CHUGGING" FOR SUCKERS.

A UNIQUE PISCATORIAL DIVERSION IN THE BACKWOODS.

"Gaffing" the Squirming Fish as they Swim Under a Hole in the Ice—Origin of the Sport.

A Dingman's Ferry, Penn., correspondent writes: A winter sport which seems to be peculiar to some parts of the Pike county backwoods has been occupying the time of such of the dwellers in the region as find pleasure in it. In the language of the backwoods, the recreation is called "chugging," and as no one can "chug" until the ponds are solidly frozen over the sport is entirely a winter one. It is a companion to the more universal and higher sport of pickerel fishing with tip-ups and live bait through the ice, and although the chugger occasionally captures a pickerel or a perch as a prize they are not the game he seeks. His energy and skill are utilized in impaling the pike, a species of which, reaching an unusually large size, abounds in some of the mountain lakes that are numerous in this region.

To the person who sees for the first time a "chugging" party at the height of a day's sport on the lake the sight will be a novel and an amusing one. The water is so pure and transparent and their surface so generally unruffled that the ice that forms on them becomes like a vast expanse of glass, so slippery that without ice creepers one cannot keep his feet upon it, and so clear that objects in the water are plainly visible through a foot's thickness of ice. The number in a party of chuggers may be without limit. No less than five or six should be in a group, however, to make it lively and exciting. Holes a foot or so in diameter are cut through the ice in line with one another, and five or six feet apart. One or more immense fires are built about on the ice to give an impression of warmth and cheerfulness to the surroundings. All but one of the chuggers take a position at a hole in the ice. They either have sharp creepers on their boots or a pair of skates of the fashion of thirty or forty years ago. Each player at the holes has a stiff pole about four feet in length. On one end of this three or four good-sized fish-hooks are tied, with their backs to one another on the stick, making a formidable many-barbed gaff. One of the party stands a few feet away from the hole nearest the shore—the hole being cut close to the edge of the pond, where the suckers collect in great numbers. This person has either an axe or an iron-bound maul, such as are used for driving wedges. When all are ready the man with the axe or maul strikes the ice three or four times. The sharp "chug" starts the fish beneath the ice, and they shoot out in all directions, hundreds of them crowding together in schools, to escape from what they instinctively regard as impending disaster. They swim close to the ice, as they pass by the holes over which the fishermen stand. The hooks are thrust down and as quickly drawn out, every time with a squirming sucker or two impaled on the hooks. The fish are thrown out on the ice, and the quick movements of the men along the line of holes and the immense numbers of fish that crowd along beneath them are sufficient to keep the air filled with suckers as they are cast from the hooks, for several minutes at a time. By the time the school has passed the ice will be covered with bushels of the fish. They will average over a foot in length, and their meat is white, sweet and solid, but filled with bones as fine as hairs. The fish, after their fright is over, gradually work back again to the shore. The captured suckers are piled in one big heap on the ice after each man's catch is counted and commented on. Some of the chuggers are so skillful in handling the hooks that their movement with the pole up and down over their hole is as regular as clockwork, never missing a fish, and never touching their hands to one on removing it from the gaff, but detaching every one by dexterous jerks of the pole as it is drawn from the water. Pickerel, perch and other game fish are always in the rush of frightened suckers, but their movements are much more quicker and their intelligence so much greater than the sucker that it is seldom one of them is brought up on the gaff. Nevertheless, the largest pickerel ever caught in any of these mountain ponds was caught on the hook of an expert chugger named Shafer, a year or so ago. It weighed nearly eight pounds.

This simple, but evidently exciting sport had its origin with one of the early settlers of this region, a pioneer named Drake. He settled in the Porter pond neighborhood, and one winter he was snow-bound with his family in his cabin, and was unable to get to the settlements in the Delaware valley to obtain needed supplies. The blockade remained unbroken so long that all that his larder contained was a small quantity of pickled pork. The ponds had not been stocked with pickerel in those days, but they contained trout. Drake fitted up two or three hooks and lines, scraped the snow off of the ice for several yards around, cut the necessary holes, and, baiting his hooks with the only bait he could obtain, bits of fat pork, he began fishing in hope of capturing trout enough to keep the household going until the settlements could be reached. The salt pork did not seem to be a bait that tempted the particular appetites of the trout, and Drake fished from morning until late in the afternoon without getting a bite. He was about taking out his hook and going back to his house in despair when his son, a boy about 15 years old, came dragging into the cleared spot on the ice a pine knot, which he began to split up with his ax. Drake was stooping down over one of his holes in the ice and beginning to draw up his line when the boy began to chop. Immediately following the first stroke of the ax fish by the hundred went rushing past the hole in the ice. Drake was startled at first, but necessity quickened his wits, and drawing his line out he jerked the pork from the hook, dropped the bare hook down in the midst of the rushing fish, and sweeping it among them hooked one in the belly and drew it out on the ice. By this time the fish had ceased running. Drake hurriedly cut a stiff stick, took one of his three hooks, and bound them to one end, and then shouted to his boy to "give the ice another chug." The chug was given, and after a short struggle the frightened fish by the holes again.

Drake used his stick and hooks to good advantage, and before dark went home happy with half a bushel of suckers. His discovery served him well for a week, when a warm rain, lasting two days, melted the snow in the woods and he was able to get to the settlement. Such was the origin of "chugging for suckers."

HEALTH HINTS.

A London medical man says: Be careful in your dealings with horse radish. It irritates the stomach far more than spice, and an overdose will bring on an unpleasant sensation for days.

It is not true, says Dio Lewis, that ice water is a good table drink. The low temperature checks digestion; even weak tea or coffee is better than ice water. There can no longer be a reasonable doubt that this immense consumption of ice water has greatly contributed to diseases of the kidneys.

When we feel unusually "torpid" and heavy after meals, we may rest assured there is indigestion somewhere. A tea-spoonful of lime-water taken in one-half a tumbler of clear, moderately cold water directly after meals, gives almost instant relief. A few drops of the clear juice of lemon is also effective.

It is stated in *Nuggets* that nothing, probably, is more sure to cure rheumatism than a morning and evening's vigorous use of hair gloves upon every portion of the skin. That congestion of the muscles and the joints which characterizes rheumatism is relieved by this powerful appeal of the hair gloves to the skin.

Dr. Lapatin, in the "Proceedings of the Caucasian Medical Society," advises that fingers and toes which have been slightly frostbitten, and which subsequently suffer from burning, itching and prickling sensations, should be painted, at first once, and afterwards twice a day, with mixture of dilute nitric acid and peppermint water in equal proportions. After this application has been made for three or four days, the skin becomes darkened and the epidermis is shed, healthy skin appearing under it. The cure is effected in from ten to fourteen days. The author has found this plan very effectual among soldiers, who were unable to wear their boots in consequence of having had frozen feet. They were in this way soon rendered capable of returning to duty.

Sense of Smell in Insects.

In some insects a keenly developed sense of smell appears to be the dominating sense. Sir John Lubbock has shown that the most intelligent of insects, the social ants, seem incapable of appreciating sounds, and that they make comparatively little use of their small eyes. Their leading sense is that of smell. It seems to be by aid of this faculty that they find their way about, and follow their multifarious daily avocations. A recent writer, speaking of the mode in which ants follow an established trail, says:

"I have experimented with this, frequently obliterating the scent for a space of but a few inches, and watching the pugnacious wanderers, each going an inch or less beyond his predecessors, hunting the lost clue until the blank was finally bridged over. After that, if the new route, as re-opened, differed from the old it was nevertheless rigidly followed, even if longer."

Again, as evidence that bees and butterflies select the flowers which they visit by means of smell rather than sight, a writer says: "Bees and butterflies visit a distinct variety, and for the time confine their attention to it, settling on and sucking the honey of that variety only: e.g. a bee settling on a scarlet geranium will not go from it to another species or variety, but gives its attention to that particular variety only—never going from a scarlet geranium to another scarlet flower, even if in contact—I never remarked a bee go from a lily to an amaryllis, or the reverse."

W. M. Gabb, writing from St. Domingo, with regard to the butterfly, says: "My Indian servants always carried with them a fermented paste of maize flour, which they mixed with water to the consistency of gruel, as a beverage. On our arriving at the side of a stream in a narrow gorge, invariably, within a few minutes after they opened a package of this paste, although there might not have been a butterfly in sight before, those most brilliant of their kind would come sailing up, always from leeward. I have made some of my best catches in this manner. I have also caught them by baiting with a piece of overripe or even rotten banana. At other times, they were almost unapproachable."—*Dio Lewis' Nuggets*.

A Charming Little Story.

Several years ago a resident of one of the suburbs had the misfortune to become totally blind, a cataclysm forming over his eyes. While in this condition his wife died.

A young German girl, whom the unfortunate man had never seen, was very attentive to the wife in her last illness, and, after her death, did what she could to make the grief-stricken husband and his two little children as comfortable as possible.

Such devotion did not go unrewarded. The blind man proposed and was accepted.

He married the faithful girl. Two children were the result of their union. During his years of blindness the sightless man never lost hopes that some day he might again look into the beauties of nature and the loved ones around him.

A physician was finally consulted, who agreed to attempt the removal of the cataract. The operation was successful, and he from whom the light of day had been shut out so many years, saw again. He was almost beside himself with joy. A friend, who was at once recognized, came leading a lady, by the hand.

"Do you know who this is?" he said to his happy fellow.

"No, I do not."

"That is your wife," and then the pair, one of whom had never seen the other, fell into each other's arms, and a domestic scene of pathetic beauty ensued.

The two children were also brought in to their father. He clasped them to his beating heart, and all the miseries of the past were forgotten in the pleasure of that moment. This is a true story. The actor in this life panorama, covering a period of ten years, are all alive. The husband seems as well as he ever did, and is now in business in this city.—*Cincinnati Sun*.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

New fringes are tipped with fur cones. Fashionable boots have low square heels.

The London craze for pincushions continues.

The dull red jackets are increasing in number.

Jeweled ornaments are much worn in the hair.

Woolen fabrics are certainly in the ascendent.

Little chased gold balls are a favorite for earrings.

New weavings of lace are marvels of beauty and ingenuity.

The handsomest woman in Italy is said to be nearly seven feet high.

The largest buttons are not used by those who use the best taste in dressing.

Violets are the favorite flower, although any arrangement of roses is proper.

Muffs are as small as possible, scarcely large enough to hold more than one hand at a time.

Neither otter nor sable are liable to go out of fashion unless perchance the supply gives out.

The wife of the Japanese minister is said to be the most expert needlewoman in Washington.

Exquisite fabrics are in larger variety than ever before, and every shade imaginable is to be seen.

Indoor dresses are now made somewhat in the style of monk's dress. They are very becoming all the same.

American women are charged in England with tilting their hats over the forehead when worn low or not.

A useful undergarment, especially for wearing under walking dresses, is an elastic ribbed silk jack with long sleeves.

A school for girls is to be soon established in Saltillo, Mexico, under the protectorate of the government of Coahuila.

Men are scarce in Dakota. Mrs. Jackson, son of Bismarck, was compelled to clean out her own well, and it caved in and killed her.

Delicate linen cambric handkerchiefs, with fine hemstitched blocks and border, and with Valenciennes lace, range in price from \$2.75 to \$25 apiece.

A bonnet of silver gray plush has a coronet brim and plain crown. It is trimmed with bows of picot edged silver gray faille ribbon and a gray aigrette.

Now the ladies have adopted the coach hat, and it will be more difficult than ever to recognize the ultra-fashionable woman from a man at a distance.

Miss Jane Bancroft, Ph. D., has resigned a professorship in the Woman's College of Evanston, Ill., to accept the chair of history in Bryn Mawr college.

Some of the medical papers say that a great deal of quiet tipping, especially among women, is carried on by means of the quasi-medicament called "beef, iron and wine."

Some of the great milliners of Europe are instituting 5 o'clock teas for their customers, at which they can consult with the milliner concerning their choice of headgear.

"English women are to retain their distinctive dress, regardless of the French fashion." They always did, but they might have improved by adopting French suggestions.

A very stylish dress is in brown velvet; the front is of salmon color, embroidered in pearls, a plastron of the same, which is carried as high as the chest, forming the square-cut bodice.

At Oakland, Cal., lives Mrs. C. A. Bryant, now aged, once a belle, whom George IV. once kissed and to whom Napoleon III. is said to have offered his heart, hand and empire.

Rush bonnets must be the rage for next season, since anything in rushes is high in favor now in England. The bonnets made their appearance just as the summer season closed.

The best time to visit the market is on a Friday morning. The wooden barn-looking square where the fish is sold is crowded soon after six o'clock, with shiny cord jackets and greasy caps. Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes, and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until he has been to a fish sale. Over the hum of voices are heard the shouts of the salesmen, who, with their white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on tables, roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen, hardware and newsboys—till the place is a perfect babel of competition.

"Ha-a-anome cod! best in the market! All alive! alive! alive O!"

"Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! here's your fine Yarmouth blotters! Who's the buyer?"

Arlington Advocate

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Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

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Religious and Obituary Notices, per line,	10 "
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Legislative Matters.

The Legislature is now in good working order and the various committees are pushing matters before them so as to make early reports for action.

The course of the Committee on the Liquor Law in declaring in advance its purpose to resist all changes of the law in either direction is perhaps unprecedent and not an example to be indiscriminately followed. The decision is grounded, no doubt, on the consideration that considerable advances in temperance legislation were made last winter, and that it is well to hold and thoroughly improve the ground already gained before proceeding further. From this standpoint the committee should be unanimous believers in biennial sessions of the Legislature. It is not altogether improbable that the decision will be reconsidered before the Legislature is prorogued. One of the most important matters they must at least consider is the proposition to oblige club rooms to take out licenses where cities or towns in which they are located grant licenses, and to treat them as common nuisances where a no license vote is passed. The proposition arises from a difficulty which has always been encountered in attempts at enforcing prohibitory legislation, and which will be increasingly formidable the longer thorough and determined measures to stamp out the demoralizing traffic in intoxicants are postponed. The State is always reluctant to interfere with private vices, and does so only when, like adultery, they tend to corrupt the whole community. If drinking clubs were only clusters of irreclaimable victims of an unnatural appetite, their neighbors would probably content themselves with interfering only when the excesses of the club-room led to breaches of the peace. But parents whose sons, and business men whose employees have been decoyed into these dens to their ruin, naturally look about for some method of legal relief. Something is gained when the liquor traffic, in any of its phases, is deprived of its mantle of quasi-respectability and driven into concealment, instead of openly flaunting its temptations before the eyes of those who would not of themselves seek the indulgence, but are too weak to resist it when offered. A radical cure of the liquor evil is not likely until public sentiment is aroused to the necessity of stopping the manufacture and importation, as well as the sale, of intoxicants. The growing proportions of the liquor traffic, and the greedy effrontry with which its advocates resist the most moderate efforts to check its most glaring abuses, will perhaps help as much as anything to arouse the missing public sentiment.

On Wednesday the House had its first extended debate of the session over the order offered on Tuesday, by Mr. Fitzgerald of Boston, for an investigation of the charges ascribed to ex-Treasurer Solomon B. Stebbins at the recent meeting of the Republican State Committee. The Republican members were inclined to treat the matter facetiously until assured by the other side that the order was offered seriously, when they attacked it as trivial, un-called for and an interference with private business, with the argument that the remedy, if there was any evil, lay with the courts and not with the Legislature. The order was refused passage by vote of 49 to 147, the Republicans voting almost solidly against it, and having with them fifteen Democrats and several of the Independents.

Mr. Fletcher of Belmont has presented in the House a measure looking to a wider field of investment for Savings Banks.

On Tuesday Senator Boynton presented a remonstrance from Gen. Lawrence and 175 other citizens of Medford against the division of the town and it was referred to the proper committee.

Our Little Ones, issued by the Russell Publishing Co., at 36 Bromfield street, Boston, begins the new year with as bright and attractive table of contents as was ever seen. The illustrations are splendid, and are pictures of child-life that will charm every one. This magazine costs only \$1.50 a year.

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Paying the Penalty.

Miss Kate Bayard, daughter of the Secretary of State, was found dead in her bed last Saturday afternoon, when her sister went to call her after being left undisturbed until a late hour, at her own request, as the night previous she had exerted herself to an unusual degree in the entertainment of guests at Secretary Bayard's reception. She was a victim to the manner of life in Washington, for, as a contemporary remarks, up to the time of her father's elevation Miss Bayard had lived a quiet life, and the disease that proved fatal was kept down. The sudden change to fashionable Washington life, and the great strain brought to bear upon one not hardened by long experience to a life of that sort, proved too much for a delicate organization and death resulted. Perhaps it is too much to expect a return to the simpler manners of the early days, but it would unquestionably be as well for the country and vastly better for those who are now forced by custom to endure the whirl of society in official circles.

Monday evening's papers contained a sensational report of the lease of the Boston & Lowell to the Vermont Central, which was promptly denied by the managers of the former. The officer interviewed remarked that the idea of a union by which the Central Vermont road, whose bonds possessed only a trivial value comparatively and whose stock was not worth enough to quote, controlling the Boston & Lowell system, whose stock sold in open market at \$30, and paid a better net return to its stockholders than any other line in New England, was almost too absurd to deserve attention. It was very much like "the tail wagging the dog." There were no grounds whatever for the story. There had been no negotiations of any kind with the Central Vermont road or any other road that could possibly give rise to such a story. Neither were there any changes in the makeup of the system or its management pending or contemplated.

The February number of Demorest's Magazine is before us; and on examination we find it very readable. "A Quaint Old City," which is profusely illustrated, is quite interesting, and "A Year in Los Angeles," and "Peter the Great" are good articles. Mrs. Hart's serial "That Other Person," is continued, and the shorter tales are unusually well told. "From Pencil to Brush" is an admirable feature of this magazine. Jessie June furnishes a paper on the origin of "Sorosis," and the art department is made attractive by a fine oil picture, "Love's Postman," and a photograph from a painting by Abbott and fifty other illustrations.

"Rowell's Reporter" is the title of a pamphlet just issued by George P. Rowell & Co., New York, made up of extracts from papers all over the country in regard to advertising matters, and some letters from parties familiar with the business. We presume the publishers will be pleased to mail this mass of valuable hints and information to any applicant. The address is No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

The Boston Post Office needs overhauling in some way. Complaints come to us every week of the non-receipt of papers, and yet they are mailed from Arlington every Friday evening, with every name clearly printed either on paper or wrapper, as the case may be.

The prominence Mr. W. D. Howells has achieved in his new position as a critic reminds a writer that when Mr. Howells was a young man living in Columbus, and was on the editorial force of the *Ohio State Journal*, he wrote a poem which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In due time came a check in payment for the poem, which was among the earliest literary productions of Mr. Howells, before he had turned his thoughts toward the field of prose fiction. The check was highly prized in itself by the young poet, but did not fill the full measure of his aspirations, for shortly afterward he demanded of an intimate friend, with much diffidence but great earnestness: "Jim, when you have a check for some money, how do you get the cash for it?" The intricacies of this financial operation being explained, the amount of the check was deposited to his credit in the bank. The money was not destined, however, to form a part of Mr. Howells' ultimate estate, for shortly afterward he again repaired, somewhat embarrassed, to his more practical friend and asked, in a quandary: "Jim, when you have some money in the bank, how do you get it out again?" Since that time Mr. Howells has had little difficulty either in getting money into or out of the bank.

D. Lathrop & Co.'s "Baby Land" begins the new year with a new illuminated cover, attractive in design and artistic in execution. The contents are adapted to the needs of very little folks most admirably.

Famous Park Family at Arlington Wednesday evening, Feb. 20.

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Monday evening's papers contained a sensational report of the lease of the Boston & Lowell to the Vermont Central, which was promptly denied by the managers of the former. The officer interviewed remarked that the idea of a union by which the Central Vermont road, whose bonds possessed only a trivial value comparatively and whose stock was not worth enough to quote, controlling the Boston & Lowell system, whose stock sold in open market at \$30, and paid a better net return to its stockholders than any other line in New England, was almost too absurd to deserve attention. It was very much like "the tail wagging the dog." There were no grounds whatever for the story. There had been no negotiations of any kind with the Central Vermont road or any other road that could possibly give rise to such a story. Neither were there any changes in the makeup of the system or its management pending or contemplated.

The February number of Demorest's Magazine is before us; and on examination we find it very readable. "A Quaint Old City," which is profusely illustrated, is quite interesting, and "A Year in Los Angeles," and "Peter the Great" are good articles. Mrs. Hart's serial "That Other Person," is continued, and the shorter tales are unusually well told. "From Pencil to Brush" is an admirable feature of this magazine. Jessie June furnishes a paper on the origin of "Sorosis," and the art department is made attractive by a fine oil picture, "Love's Postman," and a photograph from a painting by Abbott and fifty other illustrations.

"Rowell's Reporter" is the title of a pamphlet just issued by George P. Rowell & Co., New York, made up of extracts from papers all over the country in regard to advertising matters, and some letters from parties familiar with the business. We presume the publishers will be pleased to mail this mass of valuable hints and information to any applicant. The address is No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

The Boston Post Office needs overhauling in some way. Complaints come to us every week of the non-receipt of papers, and yet they are mailed from Arlington every Friday evening, with every name clearly printed either on paper or wrapper, as the case may be.

The prominence Mr. W. D. Howells has achieved in his new position as a critic reminds a writer that when Mr. Howells was a young man living in Columbus, and was on the editorial force of the *Ohio State Journal*, he wrote a poem which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In due time came a check in payment for the poem, which was among the earliest literary productions of Mr. Howells, before he had turned his thoughts toward the field of prose fiction. The check was highly prized in itself by the young poet, but did not fill the full measure of his aspirations, for shortly afterward he demanded of an intimate friend, with much diffidence but great earnestness: "Jim, when you have a check for some money, how do you get the cash for it?" The intricacies of this financial operation being explained, the amount of the check was deposited to his credit in the bank. The money was not destined, however, to form a part of Mr. Howells' ultimate estate, for shortly afterward he again repaired, somewhat embarrassed, to his more practical friend and asked, in a quandary: "Jim, when you have some money in the bank, how do you get it out again?" Since that time Mr. Howells has had little difficulty either in getting money into or out of the bank.

D. Lathrop & Co.'s "Baby Land" begins the new year with a new illuminated cover, attractive in design and artistic in execution. The contents are adapted to the needs of very little folks most admirably.

Famous Park Family at Arlington Wednesday evening, Feb. 20.

Long Life Ended.

Last week we made the brief announcement of the sudden death of Mr. Francis Wyman of Lexington, who had reached the advanced age of nearly ninety-seven. Mr. Wyman was of the original New England Wyman stock which settled in Woburn in 1640, and he strikingly bore certain family marks to identify him with the Woburn family. Mr. Wyman's father came to Lexington from Woburn in 1763, where he married Anna Porter, who was also originally from Woburn, and Mr. Francis Wyman was the youngest of ten children born to them; the record of his birth being April 11, 1789. The original Wymans were tanners, and Woburn enjoys the introduction of her now leading industry to the Wyman brothers; but their children were mainly tillers of the soil, and the subject of this sketch followed his father in what was to him a congenial employment. He farmed in a small way during the active years of his life, and then, when age advanced upon him, enjoyed the fruits of his frugality in a life singularly even and uneventful, due largely to his temperament. He was a thorough vegetarian, singularly abstemious in all his habits, and the natural result followed.—long life on the earth. And yet we question if such living is a very high type, though his freedom from all bad habits is a beautiful example for all to follow. But there are scores of active business men in our midst, too well known to be even mentioned, who in the busy city or in our own more quiet business circles, have already lived longer in all that constitutes real living by being helpful to others, than did Mr. Wyman in his secluded and uneventful existence, although it was lengthened almost to the span of a century. Mr. Wyman's striking figure will be missed from many a society and church circle where he was a welcome visitor and the regret will be often expressed that the full century of life could not have been accorded to one who so nearly approached it.

Since the above was written and put in type we learn from reliable sources that we have not the correct idea of the deceased, but that Mr. Wyman's earlier life was more active than any one whom we had met had supposed, for he was called to serve the town on the board of selectmen in 1828-29, serving, also, as one of the assessors; and was also earnest and active in the anti-slavery and temperance movements from the beginning. He was one of the five who voted for the candidates of the Liberty party when it required courage. He was a stockholder in the academy which stood on the site of Hancock church, and was secretary of the board of directors; and his public spirit was shown later in advocating the Lexington railroad and giving his land to the corporation in furtherance of the scheme.

Neal Dow described the operation of the Maine law at Portland in a letter to the Independent, from which we quote as follows:

"We've caught Pat McGlinchey at last."

"And how did you do it?" I asked.

"We're sure from information we had that Pat was really selling liquor, and we went there resolved to stay until we should find his stock. After a very long and minute search, we were about to give it up, when we moved a bed away from the wall. Under the carpet was a small hole in the floor, and under the bed was a small tin tube, with a little pump attached to it. We put the pump down the hole and drew whisky; and on taking up the floor we found a keg of that nectar, buried in the earth, with the bung just beneath the aperture in the floor. This was his entire stock in trade. We went to Pat Welsh's, and, after a long search, we tore up the floor of an out-house and found a gallon jug partly full of whisky. We went to Biddy McGloomy's, and found her sick and lame—she said—sitting in an arm-chair. We told her to get up. She couldn't, she said. She was so lame, and with a dreadful back-ache. We lifted her out of the chair; and there was a small jug of whisky on the floor, that had been screened by her skirts. She "grabbed" it, and ran to smash it in the sink; but we snatched it from her hand. We went to Dennis McCarthy's and seized him with a pint bottle of whisky and rum, one in each pocket. And so I could go on for a column describing the ways resorted to by the liquor sellers to evade the law, and the persistency with which they are hunted by the officials.

By the operation of the law the traffic is driven out of sight, away from any decent place, so that temptation to drink is nowhere seen. To drink is disreputable in Maine, as the result of the law. Gentle, moderate drinkers, therefore, do not like it. Hard drinkers do like it, and always vote for it; they want an end of the temptation.

We have men here from many parts of the country and from England, expressly to be away from temptation. There is a gentleman in Portland now for that reason; he came to me three years ago from England, with a letter from a friend, describing his family and condition. He has now won for himself, with some help at the beginning, a most responsible and respectable position, with a large salary. With his family he is prompt and punctual at church, and at Sabbath school with his children—a nobleman once more, only by God's blessing—as the result of the Maine law, which "has so badly failed in Maine," as the paper say

WANTED!

AGENTS, in Arlington and Lexington, for our improved HAND FIRE EXTINGUISHER. It is the most practical and cheapest in the market; simple and effective, always ready for instant use.

It is a first class article and we want First Class agents, to whom we offer reasonable compensation.

Call, or address,

CHEMICAL HAND FIRE PUMP CO.

22 Jan 38

Established, 1888.

By HICHORN & CO., Auctioneers,

65 Court St., Boston.

22 Jan 38

Probate Court.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of RICHARD IRWIN, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting

to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William Wilson, of Lexington, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on the bond purposed to be given by the will and administration.

For full particulars of the aforesaid instrument, JOHN F. WYMAN, Jr.

Assignee of estate of William H. Kimball,

32 Court street, Boston, Room 3.

22 Jan 38

Probate Court.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

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SONG

Drifting northward the rain-clouds pass
Leaving the grass
Cool and damp,
Then at the sun the poppies kindle
Each its lamp.
Love, remember not cloud nor rain;
Smile again;
My heart lies
Waiting, with all its flowers unkindled.
For your eyes.
—E. C. Sanford, in Overland.

WIPE OUT.

I had been employed by the Great Improvement and Reclaim company, of Mobile, to explore and map certain lands in Florida lying well down on the edge of the great Cypress Swamp. The company had purchased nearly 1,000,000 acres of wild land in the location I have mentioned, and it was necessary for some one to visit it and walk over most of the ground before it could be put into market in the manner contemplated. I had been on the ground three weeks, having two men with me, when the adventure happened which I am about to relate.

One morning the three of us left our camp beside one of the lakes on the upper St. John's for a tramp intending to return by evening. While I made notes and kept the topography the men noted the varieties of woods, nature of the soil, and other details of interest. On three different occasions we had encountered white men in the dense and lonely forest, and knew from their looks and surroundings that they were refugees from civilization. Twice we had stumbled upon rude camps occupied by negroes and refugees.

We had traveled a distance of perhaps three miles when I was stung on the back of the right hand by an insect resembling a hornet, although much larger. In fifteen minutes the pain brought me to a halt, and my hand was swollen like a puff-ball. After a consultation, it was decided that I should return to camp, and the men would push on by compass and cover a certain area, and come in toward night. Before I had covered the distance to camp I was near screaming with the pain, and my arm was puffing up with the poison.

There was a remedy in the medicine chest, but it was a full hour before the pain was relieved. Then I began to feel sleepy, and I bunched down and was soon fast asleep. At about noon, after a nap of two hours, I was awakened by the sound of a human voice.

"Say, you!"

I opened my eyes to find a white renegade stand over me, holding one of my revolvers in his hand.

"Git up!"

I sat up. All our goods in camp had been packed up and taken away. The man who confronted me was the wickedest-looking fellow we had yet met in the swamps. His hair and whiskers were so long and unkempt that little of his face except his ugly black eyes and yellow teeth could be seen. His clothing was part cloth and part skins, and it was plain that he had avoided civilization for years.

"Git up and come," he growled.

"Who are you and what do you want?" I demanded, as I reached my feet.

"Walk!" he commanded, pointing to the west.

At that moment a third actor appeared. It was a woman—tall, gaunt, ferocious, and dressed in the same nondescript costume as the man. She came out of the jungle to the west, and as soon as near enough to make her words understood she said:

"If he won't move down him and tie his hands and feet. We can tote two such as him."

She had the other revolver in her hand, and I noticed that both had hunting knives. I was unarmed, still weak from the effects of the poisonous sting, and entirely in their power. The woman struck in the jungle. I followed, and the man brought up the rear.

After a walk of about a quarter of a mile we reached the bank of the lake. Tied to a tree by a rawhide rope was a floating cabin. The foundation was a rough-made scow, and the upper works, as they may be termed, consisted of a long, narrow and stoutly-made hut of logs. There was a chimney of mud and sticks, from which smoke issued, and two persons were on the bank to receive us. One was a boy of twelve or thirteen, and the other a girl two or three years older. They looked more like wild animals than human beings, and talked in a language so strange that I could not understand a word.

"Go ahead," said the man, as I halted on the bank; and I followed the woman aboard the scow and into the cabin. It was a house in which there was but one room, with the hides of cattle thrown over the wild Southern moss for beds. There was no stove, but a sort of fireplace made of stones, with two or three iron kettles on the hearth as kitchen furniture.

All our camp equipage had been removed to the cabin, and my Winchester rifle stood in the corner. As this was then a new arm I did not believe they knew how to use it, but my revolvers were Colt's old pattern and loaded with powder and used percussion caps.

"Set thar," said the woman, as she pointed to a corner.

I went over and sat down on the bed. It was not the corner in which my rifle stood, but the weapon was not more than ten feet away. The woman then said something to the children in her own mongrel dialect, and both of them sat down facing me and only three or four feet away. Then man and wife cast off the rope, seized long poles, and presently the boat slowly moved down the lake to the north. The lake appeared to be about three miles wide by five long, and was shut by the dense forest.

The views I had through the open door and the chinks between the logs showed me that the craft was kept near the shore. While the people seemed in no great hurry to get down the lake, they kept the scow moving at a fair pace until we were about three miles from the place where we had embarked. A landing was then made in the mouth of a creek, and the scow was entirely hidden from sight of any one on the lake. Hunters and tourists, and even small pleasure steamers came up from the main river as far as this lake.

It was mid-afternoon when the boat was made fast. The pain and swelling

had now entirely departed from my hand and arm, and the helpless feeling which had come over me when first captured had given way to a determination to help myself out of the scrape. If I could get hold of my rifle I would be match for the whole four of them. I counted them as four, because the boy and girl had hunting knives, and would surely take part in any scrimmage brought on. Their looks and actions proved this. They maintained their places directly in front of me, and their eyes never left me for a second. They held their knives as if they expected an attempt to escape, and meant to thrust and cut if I tried it.

While the boat was moving there was no show for me. A score of alligators, some of monstrous size, followed us in procession, and I had but to look out upon the lake to realize that it was alive with these fierce reptiles. One who jumped or fell overboard would be seized as soon as he struck the water.

Not a word was addressed to me until the boat had been tied up. Then the man came in, took a single-barreled rifle from under the other bed, and, after a few hurried words with the woman outside, jumped ashore and disappeared. When he had gone the woman entered, lighted a pipe, and, sending the boy outside to watch, she sat down in his place with the cocked revolver on her lap. She had a face which betrayed the mind of a beast.

"Well, what are you going to do with me?" I asked after a while.

"Feed you to the alligators," she replied.

"Where has your husband gone?"

"To kill the other two men."

"What do you want to murder us for? We have in no way injured you."

"We were whipped and driven out of the settlements, and we want revenge," she growled.

"But we had nothing to do with it," I protested, in a firm tone.

"Can't help that. You come poaching on our claim," she answered.

"But we'll go away."

"I guess you won't. We never let any one git away to tell on us!"

I said nothing further, but I by no means looked upon myself as a dead man. If worst came to worst I would give them a fight. I could not move then, with knife and bullet ready for me, and deemed it wiser to settle back and bide my time.

The man had been gone about half an hour when the faint report of a rifle came to us through the trees. The woman had been listening for it, and as it came she gave a start and cried out:

"There goes one of 'em."

"Who?" I asked.

"One of your partners. Dan has dropped him for sure."

There was such a fiendish, blood-thirsty look on her face that I was appalled, and the same expression, to a certain degree, rested on the faces of the children. Like dogs, they licked their chops in anticipation of a bloody feast. In about half an hour the man appeared. He had a bundle of clothing in one hand and two rifles and a revolver in the other.

"Git one?" the woman asked, as he came aboard the ungainly craft.

"Yes."

"Didn't git the both?"

"No. The other got away. I'll git him to-morrer," he replied.

"Git much?"

"Lots."

He had in his hand the suit of clothes, rifle and revolver belonging to one of my men—George Sheen, of Mobile. There were blood-stains on the clothing, and as he unrolled the bundle I saw a bullet hole through the vest. He had killed the man and then stripped him stark naked. Yes, he had books, socks, hat, collar, everything. The other man was Robert Jackson, of Chicago, who had worked with me for years. He had not "got" him. Why! Jackson was well armed and a brave man. If he had been present at the shooting of Sheen, he would not have run away. Sheen had an old-fashioned rifle; Jackson had a Winchester. He would in turn have killed the outlaw. The two men must have been separated, and the outlaw must have ambushed Sheen.

Leaving the children to watch me, the man and woman now cast the scow loose and poled her out about 300 feet from shore. The sun was getting well down, and our side of the lake was in a deep shadow. When the scow had been anchored by a stone, the pair inspected the personal property and counted the money taken from the victim. The outlaw then washed the blood from his hands.

When they entered the cabin, or house,

the woman produced some cold meat and hoe cake and threw hunks to each one, including myself. It was only after the provisions had disappeared, I eating mine with the rest, that the man addressed me:

"See yere, stranger," he said, "what brought you up yere?"

"Looking over lands," I replied.

"Um! Who be you?"

I told him.

" Didn't count on setin' Black Dan, I reckon?" he sneered.

"No."

"Which is unfortunit fur you. I've killed every land hunter who ever sat up on my claim, and I'll keep killin' 'sure."

"We didn't come here to disturb or annoy you," I said.

"It's just the same thing. I'm down on the hull human race for the way I've bin used, and I'll kill whenever I kin git the chance. I've dropped one o' you're fellers. To-morrer I'll drop the other, and then take keev of you. Git over that and lay down."

"Over that" was the far corner, and entirely out of reach of my Winchester. When I bunched down in my corner the gun was removed entirely, and the family lay down in such a way as to hem me in. For the first three or four hours they were like cats, starting up at the slightest move, but toward midnight I was satisfied that all were asleep. I could not reach the firearms without stepping over the bodies, and they knew that any effort on my part to loosen a low would arouse them.

About midnight, after a long and cautious effort, I sat up. It was a starlight night, and, as there was no door to the cabin, I could see out. I was fully determined to make an effort to escape, but when I came to canvass the chances, I had to abandon the idea. The alligators were constantly about us, often rearing up to paw at the logs, and unless I could get hold of the firearms and begin the

fight, I should be wiped out in any effort I made. I think I slept for an hour or two, and what aroused me I cannot tell. I was still sitting, and, as I looked out upon the night I saw a human figure draw itself up on the bows of the boat. I at first supposed it was one of the family, but a moment's observation convinced me to the contrary. This figure moved cautiously, as if desiring its presence unknown, and was a long time in reaching the door. It then leaned against the logs and made a long survey of the interior, and finally sank out of sight. My heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and I could not fathom the mystery. Was it an Indian or another outlaw? Moving so cautiously, what object had he in view? Had I once thought of Jackson, I should not have dared to hope he had come to my rescue through that water; and, too, I could not have believed he knew of my whereabouts.

From the time I first caught sight of the figure to daylight was probably an hour and a half, but it seemed to me as if I lived five years. I had no hopes that the man was a friend, and yet I could not look for a new enemy. Perhaps, after all, it was only one of the refugee negroes, of whom scores were hiding in the swamps, who had made his way to the scow in hopes to lay hands on provisions or clothing. I kept my eyes on the spot where I had last seen him, and, as he did not reappear, began to feel that he had slipped back into the water and returned to the shore.

Did you ever watch the coming of day-light when you felt that it might come some life or death transaction? The first signs came from the birds. Then, afar up the lake, came the cries of water fowl. A fox or some other animal stood on the shore near where we had tied up the night before and barked in an angry voice. The stars paled and drifted out of sight, and the interior of the cabin began to light up until I could distinguish the forms of the sleepers.

Where was the strange man—friend or enemy? As if in response to my query he suddenly rose up, stepped noiselessly inside the door, and next instant a revolver began to crack and a voice shouted at me:

"Keep down, Colonel; hug the floor!"

I rolled over on my face and I heard yells, screams and groans. It was all over in thirty seconds, and some one called:

"All right, Colonel; I've wiped the varmints out!"

I sprang up to find Jackson standing in the centre of the cabin, and on the floor lay outlaw, wife and children, all dead. It was as I had argued the day previous. The two men had separated in the woods—Sheen to return directly to camp and Jackson to hunt for game for supper. The outlaw had ambushed Sheen and killed him, and Jackson had heard the report of the gun and become suspicious. He hurried to camp to find Sheen gone and everything taken, and had traced us to the lake. He found indications to prove that a boat had been used, and had followed the shore of the lake down until he found the scow at anchor.

Not one man in a thousand would have shown his nerve. He knew of the alligators, could see a dozen of them moving about, and yet he disrobed, tied his weapons across his head, and swam straight for the scow and reached it un molested. He saw that the only way was to wipe out all the gang, and as soon as daylight would guide him he began his work.

When we had buried our comrade we made close search of the floating cabin, and we found indisputable proof of the murder of five or six persons. In an old wooden bucket were two gold and three silver watches, several pocket knives, half a dozen rings, and \$25 in gold, silver and greenbacks. As none of these articles could be traced back to their owners, and as vengeance had overtaken the murderers, we felt no hesitation in taking possession of everything for the benefit of Sheen's widow.

The last act was to set fire to the scow and push it out into the lake. It was as merciful to consign the bodies to the flames as to see the alligators fight over them. Such human wolves did not deserve burial.

The Sea's Natural Powers.

The sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over ten to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom.

Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer.

The distance from valley to valley it is said is generally fifteen times the height; hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water.

The force of the sea dashing on the rocks is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds.

The winds bear their burden to the land, and the water comes in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem.

If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles, say 10,650 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plan on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy.

The British channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.—*Independent.*

The Belle Meade stock farm near Nashville, Tenn., has a deer park of 425 acres, containing 200 deer.

WILD BEASTS SURROUNDED

HOW FARMERS PROTECTED THEIR CATTLE IN EARLY TIMES.

The Famous Work of Many Hunters in Bradford County, Penn., Eighty Years or More Ago.

An old resident of Bradford county, Penn., described to a New York *Times* correspondent an event which, he said, "probably never had a parallel in this or any other country." Continuing, the old settler said:

"There are those living yet who remember the extraordinary occurrence, but all who were participants in it are long since dead. The details are well preserved in scores of families in the county whose ancestors were among those who helped to make this extraordinary chapter in the unwritten annals of the backwoods.

The region now included in Bradford county began to be settled more than a century ago. In 1805 there were about 5,000 inhabitants of the county. There were a few small villages, but the settlers were generally scattered about on farms. With the exceptions of these clearings the country was still an unbroken area of dense forest. Wolves, panthers and bears had hardly thought of retiring before the encroachments of the settlers. Deer roamed the woods in herds, and the elk still browsed in the mountain fastnesses. The backwoods clearings were constant foraging grounds for wild beasts. The few sheep, swine and cattle the pioneers possessed were never safe from these marauders, and it frequently happened that these raids left the settler's stock inclosures entirely empty. Although hundreds of wild animals annually fell victims to the traps, snares and guns of the pioneers, their depredations still remained a serious obstacle to the welfare of the settlers. In 1805, at the suggestion of a long-suffering farmer named Buck, it was resolved to organize a systematic and combined raid on the haunts of the animals whose destructiveness individual efforts had but slightly checked. Buck's idea was to enlist every one in the afflicted settlements who was old enough to carry a gun, and with this small army form a circle around as large an area of country infested by the animals they desired to assail as the number of hunters warranted. The party was to be divided into companies of 10, under the lead and command of an experienced woodsman and hunter. When the hunting ground was surrounded each party was to move forward simultaneously toward a common centre, the march to be conditioned on such obstacles as streams, swamps, or hills that might intervene. As the raid was to be one merely of extermination, deer, elk and other unoffending animals were not to be ruthlessly nor indiscriminately killed. Every hunter, however, should be bound to lay low every panther, catamount, bear, wolf, fox, young or old, that crossed his path.

"All right, Colonel; I've wiped the varmints out!"

I sprang up to find Jackson standing in the centre of the cabin, and on the floor lay outlaw, wife and

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

SUCCESSION OF CROPS.

At a meeting of farmers held at Framingham, Mass., Professor C. A. Goessman, of Amherst, spoke upon "Rotation of Crops." He began his instructive discourse with a history of the agriculture of the past and its bearing on the present, pointing out what science has done in the present century, and also the principles which underlie well recognized modes in farm practice. The relation of plants to the soil and the peculiar relation which the construction of plants experts were described, as well as the measures at our disposal for bringing about conditions favorable to rotation. The great value of chemical and commercial fertilizers, said the speaker, as supplements to barnyard manures and other home resources of manorial substances is to-day universally conceded; they deserve also as substitutes in various exceptional conditions a recommendation. A judicious selection of some special commercial fertilizer can supply quite frequently the deficiency of his soil and thereby render a succession of crops remunerative which otherwise would offer no prospect of an economical success. The main point to be kept in view in the arrangement of an economical system of rotation is to secure a desirable advantageous physical condition of the soil for each crop to be cultivated. Some crops, as potatoes, corn, and some grain crops, if well manured, can more frequently be raised upon the same lands without a serious falling off than others, as, for instance, clover and other deep-rooted leguminous plants. Winter grains prosper best on a somewhat more compact soil; clover, root crops in general, and hooe crops require a well-pulverized soil to do their best; a suitable mechanical condition of the soil is evidently in these and similar cases of a paramount importance to liberal manuring. Professor Goessman concluded with these suggestions concerning a system of rotation: 1. Crops of the same character ought not to be raised in close succession upon the same lands; not grain crop after grain crop or root crop after root crop. 2. Crops which consume large proportions of one or two kinds of mineral constituents in particular ought to be succeeded by those which require but a small quantity of them; hooe crops after grain crops, or phosphoric acid consuming crops after largely potash containing plants. 3. Shallow rooting plants should follow deep rooting and foliaceous ones, to economize the vegetable refuse mass left behind by the latter. 4. Some kind of hooe crop should be in the course adopted, at least every few years, to assist in the destruction of obnoxious weeds and insects as well as of parasite growth of every description. 5. The selection of crops should be made, in a mixed farm management in particular, with reference to the resources of labor at disposal. 6. Each crop in the adopted course should be placed in such a position as to have the full benefit of a good preparation of the soil and a proper time for seeding. 7. Crops should also be placed in such a position to each other as to enable an advantageous distribution of the work required during the season with reference to the resources of labor at disposal. 8. The manure, in particular the barnyard manure, should be liberally given to the hooe crops and all those crops which necessitate a thorough mechanical preparation of the soil for their successful cultivation, to be thoroughly incorporated into the soil and facilitate the destruction of the growth of foul seeds. 9. The entire system of cultivation and application of manure of every description should be devised with a view to benefit all parts of the producing areas of the farm. 10. The industry adopted should strive to secure from the lands under cultivation the highest pecuniary returns, with a fixed determination to improve rather than to impair the productiveness of the lands engaged for its operation.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Cornstalks cut, crushed and salted will keep the stock quiet between meals on the cold winter days.

The best temperature to keep apples is near the freezing point as possible without actual freezing.

A man's farm is a volume, every acre of which is a page bearing the marks of his character, indicating the degree of mental and moral culture to which he has attained.

The connection between good grass and good butter is very close, and it matters not how good a breed of cattle is used it is impossible to make good butter with poor pasture.

A good housekeeper has two thorough house-cleanings every year, one in the spring and one in the fall; a good farmer, two thorough barnyard cleanings at about the same time.

The last legislature's oleomargarine law has been effective says the Massachusetts State board of health. Less of the stuff is sold and much of that is distinctly labeled as oleomargarine.

The United States imported seeds this year to the value of about \$4,500,000. It would seem that a country tropical, and temperate, as is its climate, might raise the seeds required for general planting.

Drainage is not less valuable to the stockholder than to the grain farmer. It lengthens the season both in the spring and fall, keeps the soil from poaching, and allows the cultivation of the finer and more nutritious grasses—three most important considerations.

The Boston *Oulticator* thinks that the Guernsey breed of cattle have been overshadowed by the greater popularity of Jerseys, but are well worthy of equal attention, and that, giving as rich milk as the Jerseys, they yield a larger mess and are considerably larger themselves.

If manure is to be used in the orchard it should never be fresh, or such as will quickly ferment. That which has been thoroughly composted, or well decomposed, is best. Wood mold, mixed with lime and ashes, has been found excellent, and the better the manure in fineness of condition and freedom from decomposing matter the less liability of the trees to disease.

Burn all old rubbish, prunings, etc., about the garden, vineyard and berry

patches. Loose materials lying about will afford a harbor for insects, many of which for this would freeze. Anent this, Mr. Samuel Edwards, of Illinois, who knows something about killing insects, says a little kerosene applied before lighting the fire is an excellent aid in burning damp brush or other refuse.

Anent gray horses, the *Liv-Stock Journal*, London, says gray is a color which is promising to become fashionable among draft-horse breeders; that the gray horse is the favorite horse of art, also of the general public; and the *Journal* would like to see it better esteemed in the show-ring.

London Garden says that "the sooner the notion is dispelled that roses, in order to make them grow vigorously, must be cut back to mere stumps, showing two or three buds, the better." The florists of the United States long ago ceased to cut close, as they have ceased the pruning of trees into the thin, umbrella form supposed to suit the moist climate of England.

The old practice of raising pumpkins in the corn field is not as much followed as it should be. Experience has shown that not only can as much corn be produced with a pumpkin crop as without it, but that the value of the latter as food for milch cows in winter, as well as when fed to hogs when fattening, is large and positive. No crop can be raised with less expense, nor any that is more beneficial to the health of the animals than an occasional mess or two of pumpkins.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND HINTS.

The flavor and crispness of celery are increased by soaking the stems in ice water for a short time before the stalks are placed on the table.

A cheap paint for a floor can be made with five pounds of French ochre and a quarter of a pound of glue, dissolved in two quarts of boiling hot water; then apply enough boiled linseed oil to make the paint flow easily from the brush. Any man can paint a kitchen floor, and save the women work by so doing.

Prof. Wagner publishes analyses in support of his conclusion that steamed potatoes are far more nutritious than boiled ones. In the process of boiling, the vegetables give up considerable portions of nutritious salts, while they also take up more water than when steamed, and become proportionately weaker.

Time to roast. The time required for roasting turkey ten pounds weight, stuffed, is three hours; over ten pounds, four hours; under ten pounds, not less than two hours. A chicken will roast in a half hour or less, a goose takes one and three-fourths hours, or more, according to size, a young duck nearly an hour.

I fully appreciated this compliment. From that time on my status as a truth-wrencher was fixed. Everybody in Texas had heard of Peck and his endorsement was all that was needed to be regarded as a talented journalist.

I have often longed for the opportunity to take you by the hand and thank you, and ask you when you were going to pay back the ninety cents I sent you. This is why I am sorry I was not in when you called the other day. However, you can remit either by postal note or check or both, if you see proper.

I have to express my obligations to you for another favor.

A few days ago, while putting on my new sixty-dollar overcoat, a disagreeable odor assailed my nose. I noticed it even after I got into the street. On meeting me, people would gasp, hold their noses, and cross over to the other side of the street. Several dray horses shied and a mule fainted. When I entered the office of *Texas Siftings* everybody present snorted, and looked at me pretty much as a Texas pony does when it hears a brass band for the first time. There was a vociferous smell in the office strong enough to drive a dog out of a slaughter house.

I received several kindly suggestions to consult an undertaker, or a coroner. A gentleman who was about to sign a \$2,000 advertising contract, dropped the pen and fled in wild dismay. He has never come back. I think he has left New York for his health. We have lost \$2,000.

Owing to the warm air in the office I reached into my pocket to get my handkerchief to fan myself with it. When I pulled out my hand there was adhering to it a sticky mass which said "Limberger" very plainly. It spoke right out.

How do you suppose that Limberger got into my pocket? You don't know, eh? Well, let me tell you. I have a boy at home of about nine years of age. Of late he has been reading a book called "Peck's Bad Boy." Ever hear of it? My boy, Norman, got that Limberger suggestion out of that book. He it was who put that old cheese in my pocket. He said that was what Peck's Bad Boy did to his pants.

Well, he don't read that book any more. He can't read even his Sunday school book now without lying on his abdomen to do so. I don't feel safe for my life unless I know that boy is at school or asleep. If you read of my falling down the stairs and breaking my neck in consequence of the steps being lubricated, or if I come to any other sudden and mysterious end, you may close your eyes at night with the consciousness of knowing that the diabolical suggestion that shoved me into the tomb originated in that infernal book of yours.

When you send me that ninety cents, include in it the \$2,000 ad. we lost through the Limberger cheese.

A young goose not more than four months old is nice cooked in this way: After dressing and singeing it carefully sprinkle pepper and salt and a little sage in the inside; put a lump of butter in also to moisten it; then put it into a pan and then into the oven; baste it frequently with water in which you have put some butter and pepper and salt and a little bacon fat. Serve with a nice brown gravy and with gooseberry jam or apple-butter. Cover the platter with thin slices of buttered toast moistened with the drippings in the pan; then lay the goose upon it.

Roasted cheese is excellent for the cheese course in a dinner, and is also a good dish for either luncheon or supper. It is made of half a dozen slices of bread, a quarter of a pound of cheese, two tablespoomfuls of butter, the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, one-fifth of a teaspoonful of cayenne, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Break the cheese into bits. Put it into the mortar with the other ingredients (save the bread), and pound all to a smooth paste. Toast the bread, and after spreading it with the mixture, lay it in a pan and put into a hot oven for four minutes. Serve at once.

A Queer Memento.

A singular "memento" ring was worn by Carl Hoffmann, for many years chief editor of the *Wiener Tagesblatt*, who died lately at Vienna. Down to his last hour he wore upon the forefinger of his right hand an iron ring, which some three decades ago, he had made for him out of the link of a chain he had borne as a political prisoner during two long and weary years of incarceration, varied by hard labor.—*London Queen*.

A Dream.

I floated in an azure sky,
In ecstasy I sailed on high.
From off a silver beam of light
I glided to a downward flight;
And tumbled, like a meteorite,
I tumbled down to the earth below,
With increasing speed I go,
Like a meteor, shooting through.
The rushing wind, I downward flew,
Toward the earth, which ne'er grew,
Faster! Faster! through the gloom,
Nearer, nearer, to my doom.
A minute more—a second—Crash!!

THE REVELATION.

From off the cold and icy floor,
I slowly raise my aching head,
And then—Oh, Heaven! how I swear,
For I had tumbled out of bed.
—George E. Quinn, in *Boston Globe*.

WARNING TO A HUMORIST.

ALEX. SWEET WRITES AN OPEN LETTER TO GEORGE W. PECK.

Why the "Siftings" Man Would Dearly Like to Meet the "Bad Boy" Humorist.

Alex Sweet, editor of *Texas Siftings*, publishes in his paper the following letter to George W. Peck, of the Milwaukee Sun and "Bad Boy" notoriety:

MY DEAR PECK: While you were in New York a couple of weeks ago you called at the office of *Texas Siftings*, but I did not get to see you, as I was not in at the time, but I found your card on my return. I mean on my desk, where you left it when you, yourself, left. In justice to you I will also state that I did not miss anything out of the office. It seems you did not improve your opportunities.

I was very sorry that I did not get to see you, for I wanted to thank you personally for a favor you did me about eight years ago, when I was on the editorial staff of the *Galveston News*.

There are some doubt among the people of Texas as to my veracity. Some few people intimated that I didn't have any at all, but the general opinion was that I could tell the truth if it was to my interest to do so, and I made an earnest effort. Just at this crisis I received the following letter from you, which I published for my own vindication. After requesting in the letter the temporary loan of ninety cents, to enable you to purchase a pair of new pants, you went on to say in your letter:

"I have never in my wildest dreams thought of competing with the Sifter as a truth crusher. I am an ordinary Wisconsin liar. I have never had the advantages you possess. My surroundings are not good for the development of genius in lying, as the community in which I reside is pious, and I have no competition. No person can succeed unless he has some competition to bring out the talent that lies hidden in him. Now, it is different down in Texas. You, although you may be the champion, are not the only liar there. You have competitors. Every man you meet has some claim to prominence, and your talent is constantly being burnished. I would be only a nine-spot in Texas. I was there in 1866, and I know what I am talking about."

I fully appreciated this compliment. From that time on my status as a truth-wrencher was fixed. Everybody in Texas had heard of Peck and his endorsement was all that was needed to be regarded as a talented journalist.

I have often longed for the opportunity to take you by the hand and thank you, and ask you when you were going to pay back the ninety cents I sent you. This is why I am sorry I was not in when you called the other day. However, you can remit either by postal note or check or both, if you see proper.

I have to express my obligations to you for another favor.

In his new work on anthropology Toynbee says that there are only two types—the blonde and the dark; that the other so-called types—yellow and red in particular—can only in a very minor degree serve to distinguish races, and that the color as a rule is an uncertain character, liable to alter in individuals and difficult to determine and express. As a concession, however, to the general practice, he gives a table of classification of races by their color under the three denominations—white, yellow and black.

In looking over a lot of Japanese tools recently we observed a carpenter's saw, says an exchange. These saws all cut on the pull stroke, and not on the shove stroke like our own. It is said to be rather more difficult to saw to a line, but nevertheless they have their advantages, as they will not buckle or bend when they strike a knot, or are cramped from any cause. The pull stroke of 3,000 men is the best for thin and narrow saw blades.

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In an article on "The Use of Oil at Sea," by Lieutenant John P. Holditch, R. N. R., the author says: "The results I have obtained are these: Fish or colza oil only is of any good; it does not matter how dirty it is as long as it is not thick. Paraffin is too thin; paint oil too thick. Running before a gale naturally expends much more oil than laying to, you have so much more water to oil. Carefully expended, one quart in three hours for running and one pint in four hours for laying to will be sufficient. The means I used was a canvas bag (No. 8), with large holes stabbed with a needle. I have heard of a bundle of oakum being saturated with oil and then put in a coarse gunny bag, which I think would admit of a thicker oil being used for the time. The place for towing is undoubtedly forward, not aft. Whether in head-reaching oil could be used successfully I cannot say, but I doubt it. When running dead before the wind, tow from each cathead, and the ship is as safe as anything can be at sea."

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To the PUBLIC:—In soliciting the patronage of the people of Arlington and vicinity, we do so with the assurance that we can save them fully 10 per cent. on any article in our entire stock which comprises Boys' Full Suits and Boys' School Pants in all grades; also a fine assortment of MEN'S and BOYS' HATS AND CAPS, which we will sell at bottom prices. Our Stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods is now complete and we can UNDERSELL any and all would-be competitors in this line of Goods, and Travelling Trunks and Packing Trunks in all sizes at less than Boston prices. Our LAUNDRY WORK gives perfect satisfaction and is increasing daily. Give it a trial.

P. S.—Our stock of Dry Goods in Swan's Block is complete as usual.

I. E. ROBINSON, Bank Block, Arlington

Subscription Renewals are now in order.

LEONARD A. SAVILLE,
GROCER,

MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON, MASS.

Another carload of

"OUR PATENT" FLOUR

Just received direct from the mill. Also, an invoice of

"GARFIELD MILLS" FLOUR,

A brand used by many of the best families in town, and reported to be equal to any brand made. Prices as low as any house in the business. Also, groceries of all kinds, CANNED GOODS, GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, BUTTER, LARD, CHEESE, COFFEES, TEAS, CHOCOLATE, COCOA SHELLS, CLOTH KIRKET, GLASS WARE, CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES, BRUSHES, BROOMS, MOPS, TUBS, PALES, &c., PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

AGENCY OF SCRIPTURE'S LAUNDRY.

Goods sent TUESDAY returned FRIDAY of each week.

LYMAN LAWRENCE,

DEALER IN

Builders' & Carpenters' Hardware,
Saddlery Ware, etc.,

MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON, MASS.

PRICES ACCORDING TO BOSTON STANDARD.

It is needless to go to Boston and then pay express on goods that can be bought as cheaply here. Personal attention to

Harness Making and Repairing

In all its branches and satisfaction guaranteed.

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BOSTON BRANCH
Tea and Grocery House,

MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON.

\$6.50

Buy a barrel of any of the best brands of HAXALL FLOUR in the market, including

Archibald's, Washburn's, Corrugated, Pillsbury's, and SURPERLATIVE.

\$6.50.

At the Boston Branch, Lexington.

27 A discount of 25 cents a barrel will be allowed to those teaming their own flour.

C. C. MANN, Proprietor.

H. K. KING,
NEWSDEALER,

Lexington, adjoining Town Hall.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY,

BREAD and CAKE,

FRUIT,

CONFECTORY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

AGENT FOR THE CAMBRIDGE LAUNDRY.

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CHARLES T. WEST,
INSURANCE AGENT,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Office at W. A. Peirce's Coal Yard.

Insurance effected in Mutual and Stock Companies as desired. Personal attention to all kinds of insurance business.

MISS FLORENCE A. RICE,
Teacher of the Piano Forte,

Will now resume lessons.

TERMS:—10 lessons, one each week, \$6.00; 20 lessons two weeks, \$10.00.

Endorsed by Prof. JOHN ORTH, Prof. J. K. PAYNE, Rev. E. G. PORTER.

Address, WOBURN, MASS. 18Sept3m

WM. A. KANDAL,
Upholsterer & Decorator,

MUZZY STREET, NEAR MAIN.

Upholstering, Decorating, Scotch Holland Shales in all styles and colors, to order. Draperies and Decorations made and hung. Carpets made and laid. Mattresses and all kinds of bedding made new and made over. Furniture upholstered and repaired.

Lexington, Oct. 6, 1885.

WILLARD WALCOTT,
Boarding and Livery Stable,

MONUMENT HOUSE,

Main Street, Lexington.

Special conveniences for BOARDING HORSES and the best of care guaranteed.

Teams of every variety, with safe and good driving horses, to be let at reasonable prices.

Stable blocks in any number furnished at short notice.

Teaming, furniture moving and general job work attended to with competent help.

Telephone 6822.

All calls attended to night or day. 8mav

W. C. BROWN'S

RAIL ROAD EXPRESS.

Office at Centre R. R. Station,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Trunks taken to and from depot.

Furniture and Piano moving a specialty.

Prompt personal attention to all orders. Special rates to Grocers and Manufacturers.

Jobbing and Baggage

attended to,

and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

Agent for American Express.

Order boxes at the Post Office and store of

L. A. Saville.

THE MILD POWER CURES—

HUMPHREYS'

In use 30 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician.

SHAKESPEARE, SHAKESPEARE, SHAKESPEARE.

Fever, Congestion, Inflammations.

Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic.

Crying Colic, of Feeding Infants.

Fever and Ague, Chills, Shakes.

Convulsions, Convulsions in Adults.

Gastric, Griping, Bilious Colic.

Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.

General Complaints.

Headaches, Facial Neuralgia.

Neuritis, Neuralgia.

Vertigo, Vertigo.

Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed.

Irregularities of the Heart, Palpitation.

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on re-

ceipt of price.—By Humphreys' Book on Dis-

ease, recently bound in Cloth and Gold, making

five. Address, HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE

Co., 100 Fulton St., New York.

BLANK Notes, Receipts, Rent Bills, etc., with

Arlington date line c. for sale at this office

singly or by the hundred.

Collector's Notice OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE FOR TAXES.

The owners of the following described parcels of Real Estate, situated in the Town of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the years eighteen hundred and eighty-four and five, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes for said Town by the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid; and said parcels of real estate will be offered at public auction for sale, at the office of the Selectmen, Town Hall, Lexington, on Saturday, Feb. 6th, 1886, at three o'clock, P. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

MRS. JANE M. BRUCE.

Tax for 1884, \$20.67.

Parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, containing fourteen acres, more or less, situated on Concord Avenue, bounded and described as follows:—Easterly by land of C. M. Parker; northerly by land now or late of Whitney Brothers; westerly by land of heirs of Charles Brown; southerly by said Concord Avenue, or however otherwise bounded.

MRS. M. BRUCE.

Tax for 1884, \$4.24.

Parcel of land containing eight acres, more or less, situated on Concord Avenue, bounded as follows:—Easterly by town line; Town Lincoln; southerly by a private way; easterly by land of A. N. Tufts; northerly by said Concord Avenue, or however otherwise bounded.

CHARLES T. WEST.

Collector of Taxes.

Tax for 1884, \$20.67.

Parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, containing four acres, more or less, situated on Concord Avenue, bounded and described as follows:—Easterly by town line; Town Lincoln; southerly by a private way; easterly by land of A. N. Tufts; northerly by said Concord Avenue, or however otherwise bounded.

CHARLES T. WEST.

Collector of Taxes.

Tax for 1884, \$20.67.

TO LET, HOUSE ON BEDFORD street, Lexington, to be let, in good repair.

5w GERSHOM SWAN.

PARTIES

Either small social parties, or dancing parties, or sleighing parties in the season.

Entertained at the

Russell House, Lexington,

In the most acceptable manner. This house is noted for the excellence of its table.

JAMES F. RUSSELL, Proprietor.

P. O. Box 40, Lexington. 9oct.

Millinery at Reduced Prices

AT THE

LEXINGTON

MILLINERY STORE

Fancy Goods

In Great Variety, at the Lowest Boston Prices.

An experienced Milliner in attendance at all times.

Mrs. C. M. MELVILLE,

Mrs. S. BULLOCK.

Chicago and Alton R. R.

The Through Freight and Passenger Route

And Short Line to

Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado New Mexico, etc. Colorado and California, business a specialty; for rates and

full information, apply to

H. G. LOCKE, N. E. Agent.

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Lessons in Oil Painting.

MISS FLORENCE J. WEBBER receives

pupils in Marine and Landscape Painting

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